# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XVII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1908. No. 5.

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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### *A THANKSGIVING.*

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm-anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the earth, and all its beauty;
The sky, and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath Thy smile, Thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank Thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human;
The Spirit in the word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
I thank Thee, O my God!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

### *PRAISING THE LORD.*

Praise ye the Lord.—PSALMS cxl. 6.

This world of ours is not half-blunder and half-blessing, or failure forever dogging the footsteps of success, though we may easily think so when we fail to find the things through which we can soar out of the thick

vapors now and then, and watch the conflict from the divine vantage-ground of a sure faith in God. I note again, in this key to all true and high gratitude, that, while my singer will hear no reason why the whole world outside man shall not praise God, ugly things and beautiful, hurtful and healing, those that make and those that mar, but will set them all singing and then let the harmony take care of itself, so when he leaves what is about us, and has to speak for himself and his fellows, he abates no jot in his urgency, but will have us all see to it that we take our part in the innumerable choir.

He will not hear a word, therefore, to the purpose that some one else has more to thank God for than I have,—this human creature, because its life is just opening to the world; or that, because the mellowness and ripeness of age have come into its heart; these, because they are touching the first rare splendor of their powers; and those, because they have tried them and know what they mean.

Now, it is not quite certain who gave us this wonderful strain, but the oldest authority points to David himself, and I trust this is the truth, and that it came to him as the ripest result of his genius and inspiration and his experience of life. Because in such a case he must have known whereof he sang, as Burns did in his best days. And then this would be no flash of his genius, apart from his life, but that most moving and heart-searching reality, the conclusion of a man stirred to sing of the uttermost and innermost truth one can reach out of a soul which has gone through it all, and then must make its secret known in words that can never die any more than the spirit can die, of which they are still a part, and then its work is done.

And I have called this the key to a real gratitude to God, because to my mind there is no other way to praise him worthily, for men and women who have attained even to our poor insight of the divine providence which clasps in all the worlds and all the creatures that swarm on them, and who look to this providence, and challenge it, for their sustenance and their vindication, even down to the mosquito which is still in some poor sense an angel stabbing the good-for-nothing manhood in us with its spear, and saying, You must drain that gutter and see to that marsh, or a worse thing will befall.

It was a noble thing in the fathers of our nation, driven to bay as they were, to thank God, when their harvest was well in, for corn and fish and turkey out of the woods, and guns the Indians respected and stout hearts behind them; but to rise from this and sing over those level graves on Burial Hill was as sublime and supreme a thing, in its way, as ever was done in the world,—yes, and to feel as they sang that they were a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, with never a priest among them,—a band which could afford to look down on the haughtiest and most potent presences of earth and time with a certain disdain, and to feel sure that, while they held on to their charter caught out of heaven, God must see to them and maintain them, and make their cause good against all comers. While all this was in those high, strong hearts, it cannot be in ours, since we have at once grown to another greatness and—shall I not say?—lost the fire which burnt in them to such a mighty purpose and made them such mighty men. Because, if I have caught their truth, the divine presence and providence to them was quite a local matter. It took note of the little bands hanging by the rocks on the wild sea-board, and of those who were, like them, scattered thinly over small spaces of the Old World, as the elect; of these elements as in the hands of evil powers, except as they could be bitted and bridled to the predestined purpose fitting for their little bands; and of all the creatures that run and fly as quite outside the boundaries of this tiny kingdom.

But we have come or may come to the open vision, to the grand sweep and purpose of this ancient seer; to a faith which will not reckon with this providence and mete out the thanksgiving to the income, but will break through such boundary lines with a sort of divine recklessness, and, as Paul says, "In everything give thanks"; a spirit which will work back through the things which seem to be curses, and, as it meets them bravely and handles them to some true purpose, see how they still result in the long day in some new blessing which has put us farther on, and made us more godlike than we could have been, had they not come to challenge us and search us as the fire searches the silver; to be aware that our eyes have been robbed in some poor degree of their local look, and can see now how the whole earth is the Lord's, not our bit of it alone, but the whole wealth of it between the poles and all the creatures which make it their habitation; and not our nation alone, but all the nations on the face of the whole earth,—how these all

wait on God, and do the best perhaps they are able to do, as they wade slowly from the lower places to the higher, or, if they have had their day, fall back and make way for the fairer and fitter order.—*Robert Collyer.*

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## THE STILL HOUR.

In Thee my powers, my treasures live;
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

—*Eliza Scudder.*

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O Heart wherein all hearts are known!
Whose infinite throb stirs our own!
O Friend above friends! what are we,
Who ask so much less, yet have Thee!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

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"Life must become light, if it will not change itself into a lethargic sadness, into an actual death. In this gloomy disposition of mind a man cannot prepare himself for immortality, because he understands it not, and strives not to make himself worthy of it. We call to mind moments of departed pleasure more vividly than the past hours of sorrow. This is a hint that that life was dear to us. Death must not be regarded as a liberation from prison: it is only a step out of the valley to the top of the mountain, where we enjoy a more extended prospect, and where we breathe lightly,—out of the valley, into which, indeed, the light and warmth of the sun penetrate, and where also the love of God embraces us. Learn properly to understand and to love life if thou wilt rightly understand and love eternity. A true Christian man must already be happy here on earth, that is the problem of life, which every one of us must with all our power endeavor to solve,—that difficult problem, whose solution so few have achieved, and which has cost the multitude so much conflict. Yet the more and the greater are the difficulties, the more honorable it is to carry off the victory. *Man may be disappointed in his greatest hopes in life, without, on that account, becoming unhappy.* I have long suspected, and am daily more and more by the course of the world and through my own inward experience convinced, that there is no other actual misfortune except this only,—NOT TO HAVE GOD FOR OUR FRIEND."—*Quoted by Frederika Bremer, from a Swedish author.*

## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

### OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Sonnets from the Portuguese" E. B. Browning; "Sir Mortimer," Mary Johnston; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"; "My Honey"; "Gray Days and Gold in England and Scotland"; "The King of the Golden River" and "The Queen of the Air," Ruskin; "Squirrels and Other Fur-bearing Animals," John Burroughs; "In the Fog," R. H. Davis; "The Happy Family," Dean Hodges; "Poems," N. P. Willis; Milton, "Paradise Lost"; "Observations by Mr. Dooley"; Emerson's "Prose Works"; "Elements of Political Economy"; Reed's "English History"; "Lessons in Elementary Astronomy"; "English Literature Primer"; "Elementary Lessons in Physiology"; "The Tailor of Gloucester"; "Evangeline," Longfellow; "Bird Portraits," E. S. Thompson; "The Little City of Hope," Marion Crawford.

### REQUESTS.

1. I would be very thankful if some one would send me, "Donovan" and "We Two," by Edna Lyall. Mary B. Pedigo, The Hollow, Virginia.

2. Will some one kindly send me the second volume of "Little Women"? I have the first and am very anxious for the second. Address, Mrs. A. D. Thomas, Jackson's Gap, Alabama.

3. Mrs. Lillie Spear, Saco, Maine, a sufferer from rheumatism, will be glad of reading and letters.

4. I shall go to housekeeping in a few weeks and ask the kind friends to send me something to read. My husband and I would enjoy some good novels or any papers or magazines. We live in a small village, and

any good reading would be gratefully received. Would be glad to receive current numbers of *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Mrs. J. W. Burch, Sandidges, Virginia, R. D. No. 2.

5. Mrs. Emma Cook, Forestburg, Texas, and Mrs. Lorado Moore, Forestburg, Texas, will be glad of any reading.

6. E. M. Hislop, Salisbury, North Carolina, 710 South Main Street, asks for any interesting reading.

7. Proctor Academy still needs the following books in its library to meet the needs of those who do the reading necessary for entrance to college: Boswell's Life of Johnson"; Homer's "Odyssey," Palmer's Translation; "Being a Boy" and "Backlog Studies," Charles Dudley Warner; "Rudder Grange," Stockton; "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," Theodore Roosevelt; "Roman and Teuton," Charles Kingsley; "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," O. W. Holmes; "Winning of the West," Theodore Roosevelt; "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," Charles Egbert Craddock; "My Summer in a Garden," Warner; "Napoleon," John Ropes; "Abraham Lincoln," Carl Schurz; "How the Other Half Lives," Jacob Riis. Address, Proctor Academy, Andover, N.H.

8. Mrs. Eula Robinson, West Kennebunk, Maine, a young woman in poor health, will be glad of light reading and souvenir post-cards.

9. Mrs. Clement E. Babb, Princeton, Maine, is grateful for the kindness that has come into her invalid life, and will be glad of any cheer.

10. Mr. B. C. Towle, Monroe, Maine, R. F. D. 1, a cripple, will be glad of reading.

11. Word has just been received from the village of Dunbarton, New Hampshire, of the loss by fire of the town library, with its contents of 1,100 (eleven hundred) volumes and no insurance.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange has promised to do all it can toward helping to gather together another library for this little community. Will any one willing to contribute books for this purpose please sent such volumes to the Headquarters of The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.?

## *THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.*

### SOME PROBLEMS FOR MOTHERS.

As no reply has appeared to my letter in the June number of the *Cheerful Letter,* I will try myself to make some suggestions which may aid mothers in thinking out these problems for themselves.

As for church-going, Dr. Hale's article, quoted in the September number, is both interesting and suggestive; but it is of the younger children that I wish to speak.

I cannot remember the time when I did not consider it a privilege to go to church. The sole condition of my going was that I should behave properly, which meant that I should be still, not talk or make any noise, and, what was early impressed upon my mind to be an essential point of etiquette, *look at the minister* during the sermon. A bad habit of mine, which was "nipped in the bud," was turning my head to look at the people behind me.

I did not begin to understand the sermon until I was about ten nears old, when my attention was arrested by a sharp criticism of the books in our Sunday-school library; but I did look at the minister, and—shall I confess it?—imitated his gestures with my hand safely hidden under my long cape. It was a sad day for me when capes went out of fashion and I was condemned to wear a coat instead.

As I said to my own minister, he heartily agreeing, I like to see little children in church and I like to see them asleep. It is the best thing they can do, to go to sleep and sleep quietly; and a cushioned pew or settee makes a safe and comfortable bed for them.

It may be asked, "What good will it do them if they sleep?"

Well, it cultivates reverence and it trains them in habits of self-control. It prepares them for the more irksome confinement of school-life, which I would have come at a much later period than that of church-going.

But cannot even the little ones learn something? The first time my five-year-old niece went to church in Boston I said to her as she was starting, "Try to remember something that the minister says to tell me, as I cannot go this morning." I hardly thought she would do so, but to my surprise she said, on returning, "Aunty, the minister said that we must *love each other.*" Surely she had brought home a blessed memory. The next Sunday she said, without being asked, "The minister

said, if we want to be good, we must be like Jesus." Did it not speak well for the ministers that they preached so that a child could understand and remember their words?

I know a Sunday-school superintendent who always asks the children what they remember of the morning sermon, and it is surprising how well they answer. "What quotation from Shakespeare did the preacher give?" was a question that he asked, supposing that some of the older pupils would answer. A boy of twelve immediately responded, "To thine own self be true, and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

When the children know that they will be asked, they like to be prepared with an answer. A minister who preached for that church as a candidate expressed his surprise and gratification, saying that he did not believe that the grown people remembered any more of it than the children did.

If a child is unwilling to attend both church and Sunday-school, I would give it the choice; but I would prefer to have it attend the church. I once asked a boy ten years old what he had learned in Sunday-school that day. "Nothing," was the reply: "we had the same lesson last summer." The next Sunday I asked the same question and received substantially the same reply, "Nothing, we had review." "Do you remember anything that you heard in church? "Yes," was the ready reply, "God is love." That boy certainly got more from church than from Sunday-school.

Now we come to a more difficult problem. "What if a child is unwilling to go to either church or Sunday-school?" Well, if it is made attractive to them, I think there will seldom be unwillingness. If a child can sing, it should be encouraged to join in the congregational singing. A few good hymns committed to memory in early life will be remembered as long as a child lives; but I would not give them to be learned as a task, but make them familiar by singing them at home. I rather doubt the utility of some of the Sunday-school machinery so popular at present with the grown-up people. I sometimes think that the children of to-day when they are teachers, remembering how irksome some of the lesson helps were to them, will go back to the simpler methods of older times. In my day we chose our own lessons, committing to memory hymns, prayers, and passages of Scripture which we repeated to our teachers *because we liked them.* Our taste may have been somewhat at fault, but anything committed to memory because it is liked will be remembered, and in that way I laid up a store of precious thoughts which is still a great comfort to me.

But, while some children seem to have a natural tendency to religion, I know that there are others who seem to have a strong antipathy for anything relating to the unseen world, and, what is often a terror to their parents, will not be taught to pray. I know a minister's family in which all forms of family worship have been given up because they seemed so distasteful to the children. This seemed to me to be a mistake. The mother said to me, "The only hope I have of my boys' ever being religious is *not to force them.*" I would never force a child to pray. I would make the devotional exercises as short and as interesting as is compatible with due reverence and edification; but in early life, at least I would have the children be present and listen quietly while either the father or mother read passages of Scripture and prayed. If, when they were older, they began to absent themselves, I would at least let them know that the prayers were there, and I would hope that some day they would feel moved to come back to them.

Of course I would never appeal to fear as a motive. I would not think, nor allow the children to think, that I considered it a sign of depravity on their part, for it is largely a matter of temperament; but I would try to let them see that to me prayer was a comfort and delight, and that my daily life was the better ordered for the help that it brought me.

Next month I will consider some of the other problems given in the June letter.

L. K.

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### MACK, THE PARROT.

In a preoccupied mood I entered the room in which Mack was staying without speaking to him.

"Hello!" was his salutation.

"O Mack!" I said, "I forgot to speak to you! Haven't seen you for a half an hour. How is your health?"

"I don't care about *that,*" was his rather disdainful reply. It reminded me of the

remark of the late William M. Hunt, the artist, when a friend asked,—

"Well, Hunt, how are you?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. If I knew, I suppose that I should care."

*Apropos* of "Polly," the name invariably given to all parrots, it is said to have been brought to the North by flat-boatmen who took grain and provisions down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. At the doors of the French shop-keepers, parrots, in cages, were usually hung; and the boatmen heard their owners say to them:—

"*Parlez! Parlez!*" ("*Speak! speak!*") from which came the name, "Polly! Polly!"

Despite the excellence of window-screens, flies will sometimes gain admission to the rooms. With a fly about, Mack is powerless. He suffers from anticipation quite as much as from an attack. Aunt Lu has a way of doubling up a newspaper and waging war upon the pests. If Mack finds himself molested, he will call out:—

"Louie! Whack!" which is just the noise that her paper weapon always makes.

Mack was invited to a little ice-cream party in the neighborhood, and was offered a spoonful of the delectable food. Finding that it was frigid, he withdrew at once. Seeing that we were all absorbed in the enjoyment of the "harlequin" ice, he asked, in astonishment,—

"Do you like it *cold?*"

At table, he once refused baked beans, saying politely: "I don't eat. Do *you* like it? I don't like it quite." Then mounting upon his seed-cup, the better to get a good view of the whole table, he asked,—

"Is that apple sauce?"

Mack had a little *coterie* of boys and girls who loved to come to the piazza and try to make him talk. We elders kept out of sight; and he, feeling the responsibility of entertaining, rattled away in true "society" fashion, saying nothing that was intelligible, probably.

"What are you saying, Mack?" asked one boy.

"Oh, nothing much," was his indifferent reply. The boy went on:—

"Mackie, which of these two girls do you like the better?"

"Oh," said Mack, slowly, "I don't know, —I—forgot!" which elicited shouts of laughter from the young folks; and something more than smiles from those of us who were behind the scenes.

H. M. K.

THE SNOWY HERON.

II.

That herons are rapidly becoming scarce and more difficult to obtain by the plume-hunters is shown by the difference in price in the raw material. Twenty years since, the cost per ounce was only a few dollars, now it is more than quadrupled. In circulars, sent by New York feather dealers to plume hunters in Florida during 1903, $32 per ounce was offered for fine plumes. This not only indicates the rapidly increasing scarcity of the white herons, but also that some dealers are willing, in order to obtain the plumes, to offer special inducements to hunters to violate laws enacted for the protection of these birds.

The much-sought-after plumes are worn by the herons only for a very limited period during the year; that is, in the breeding season. Unfortunately, during that time the herons gather in colonies: whether this is for protection or is merely social is not known. During the remainder of the year they are wild, and wander over large districts, when it is impossible for plume-hunters to kill them in quantities that would afford pecuniary returns. However, during the breeding season the habits of these unfortunate birds change entirely, and with the growth of the parental instinct they lose all sense of fear or wildness, and the hunter has little trouble in securing his victims. The death of the parent bird entails the destruction of the helpless nestlings by the painful and lingering method of starvation.

Mr. Chapman says, in his "Birds of Eastern North America": "The destruction of these birds is an unpleasant subject. It is a blot on Florida's history." The blood stain is not on Florida alone, but may be found in every part of the world. A few years more of reckless slaughter during the breeding season, and the white herons will be classed among the extinct birds, the number of which is far too rapidly increasing.

Dealers often state that "aigrettes" are manufactured, but this is not so. Man has never yet been able to imitate successfully these beautiful plumes. All that are offered for sale have been torn from the backs of the smaller white herons. Even the stiff plumes, or "stubs," are not manufactured, but are the plumes of the larger species of white herons.

Herons' plumes are often sold as "ospreys." This is simply another trade name used to disguise the fact that they are heron's plumes. The "osprey" of science

is the fish hawk, which produces no plumes of any kind.

Both "aigrettes" and "stubs" are dyed various colors, especially black. However, no matter what is the tint of the plume, its original color when on the back of the heron was white. The artificial color is merely in response to the dictates of fashion.

It is conceded that the sale of aigrettes from American birds is prohibited, but it is claimed that there are no laws that prevent the sale of imported goods. Granting that this may be the case, how is the buyer to tell whether the goods are from American or Old World herons? The most expert ornithologists cannot separate the plumes after they are taken from the birds.

It matters not a whit where the plume comes from, the fact remains the same that the woman who wears one is party to a cruel wrong, and the plume itself becomes a badge of inhumanity, and is no longer a thing of beauty.

The word "mother" is the most sacred of all names, and motherhood is the closest of all human ties. O mother, when you nestle your little one to your loving breast and look into the eyes that reflect the mother love shining from your own, do you not sometimes think, with an involuntary shudder, of the sorrow and grief it would be were the child to be taken from you? Or, still worse, if your tender care were to be removed from the helpless infant? While this thought is still with you, extend it to the bird mother, for she surely has for her offspring the same tender love that you have for yours, she has the same affection, the same willingness to face danger to protect what is to all mothers dearer than life itself. O human mother, will you again wear for personal adornment a plume taken from the dead body of a bird mother, the plume that is the emblem of her married life as the golden circlet is of your own, the plume that was taken from her bleeding body because her motherhood was so strong that she was willing to give up life itself rather than abandon her helpless infants! Whenever you are tempted in the future to wear a heron's plume, think for a moment of your own motherhood, and spare the bird mother and her little ones.

STUDY POINTS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

Trace distribution of each species of white heron on the map of the world. When are the plumes worn by the herons? Which species of heron have recurved plumes? Which have straight plumes? How are herons' plumes procured for the millinery trade? Do the habits of herons change at any period in the year? In what way?

For life history of the American white herons, read Audubon's "American Ornithological Biography"; for cause of probable extermination of white herons in America, read "The Present Condition of Some of the Bird Rookeries of the Gulf Coast of Florida," by W. E. D. Scott, Auk, vol. iv., pp. 135–144, 213–222, 273–284; also "Stories of Bird Life," by T. Gilbert Pearson.

WILLIAM DUTCHER,
*Chairman of National Committee of Audubon Societies.*

The leaflet from which this passage is taken may be obtained by applying at or addressing 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York City.

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The Editor reminds readers of *The Cheerful Letter* that it is at present against the law in Massachusetts to have *in possession* the plumes of the Egret Heron,—not merely to sell or to wear them (though both are punishable offences), but to own them at all. The law is being enforced, and persons have been arrested and fined for owning this plumage. It will do good, if those interested in humane work, will make these facts known as widely as possible.

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## THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE.

(*Continued from last number.*)

To endeavor to touch upon the larger and more august aspect of Shakespeare's life, when, as his wonderful sonnets betray, his great heart had felt the devastating blast of cruel passions, and the deepest knowledge of the good and evil of the universe had been borne in upon his soul, would be impious presumption. Happily, to the stroller in Stratford every association connected with him is gentle and tender. His image, as it rises there, is of smiling boyhood or sedate and benignant maturity, always either joyous or serene, never passionate or turbulent or dark. The pilgrim thinks of him as a happy child at his father's fireside; as a wondering schoolboy in the quiet, venerable close of the old Guild Chapel, where still the only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of

birds or the creaking of the church vane; as a handsome, dauntless youth, sporting by his beloved river or roaming through field and forest many miles about; as the bold, adventurous spirit, bent on frolic and mischief, and not averse to danger, leading, perhaps, the wild lads of the village in their poaching depredations on the park of Charlcote; as the lover, strolling through the green lanes of Shottery, hand in hand with the darling of his first love, while round them the honeysuckle breathed out its fragrant heart upon the winds of night, and overhead the moonlight, streaming through rifts of elm and poplar, fell on their pathway in showers of shimmering silver; and, last of all, as the illustrious poet, rooted and secure in his massive and shining fame, loved by many, and venerated and mourned by all, borne slowly through Stratford churchyard, while the golden bells were tolled in sorrow and the mourning lime-trees dropped their blossoms on his bier, to the place of his eternal rest. Through all the scenes incidental to this experience the worshipper of Shakespeare's genius may follow him every step of the way. The old footpath across the fields to Shottery remains accessible. The wild-flowers are blooming along its margin. The white blossoms of the chestnut hang over it. The gardens and meadows through which it winds are sprinkled with the gorgeous scarlet of the poppy. The hamlet of Shottery is less than a mile from Stratford, stepping westward toward the sunset; and there, nestled beneath the elms, and almost embowered in vines and roses, stands the cottage in which Anne Hathaway was wooed and won. This is even more antiquated in appearance than the cottage of Shakespeare, and more obviously a relic of the distant past. It is built of wood and plaster, ribbed with massive timbers, crossed and visible all along its front, and covered with a thatch roof. It fronts eastward, presenting its southern end to the road. Under its eaves, peeping through embrasures cut in the thatch, are four tiny casements, round which the ivy twines and the roses wave softly in the wind of June. The northern end of the structure is higher than the southern, and the old building, originally divided into two tenements, is now divided into three. In front of it is a straggling terrace and a large garden. There is a comfortable air of wildness, yet not of neglect, in its appointments and surroundings. The place is still the abode of labor and lowliness. Entering its parlor, you see a stone floor, a wide fireplace, a broad, hospitable hearth, with cosey chimney corners, and near this an old wooden settle, much decayed, but still serviceable, on which Shakespeare may often have sat, with Anne at his side. The plastered walls of this room here and there reveal traces of an oaken wainscot. The ceiling is low. This evidently was the farm-house of a substantial yeoman in the days of Henry VIII. The Hathaways had lived in Shottery for forty years prior to Shakespeare's marriage. The poet, then wholly undistinguished, had just turned eighteen, while his bride was nearly twenty-six. Anne Hathaway must have been a wonderfully fascinating woman, or Shakespeare would not so have loved her; and she must have loved him dearly, as what woman, indeed, could help it? or she would not thus have yielded to his passion. There is direct testimony to the beauty of his person; and in the light afforded by his writings it requires no extraordinary penetration to conjecture that his brilliant mind, sparkling humor, tender fancy, and impetuous spirit must have made him, in his youth, the very paragon of enchanters. It is not known where they lived during the first years after their marriage. Perhaps in this cottage at Shottery; perhaps with Hamnet and Judith Sadler, for whom their twins, born in 1585, were named Hamnet and Judith. Her father's house assuredly would have been chosen for Anne's refuge, when presently, in 1586, Shakespeare was obliged to leave his wife and children, and go away to London to seek his fortune. He did not buy New Place till 1597, but it is known that in the mean time he came to his native town once every year. It was in Stratford that his son Hamnet died, in 1596. Anne and her children probably had never left the town. They show a bedstead and other bits of furniture, together with certain homespun sheets of everlasting linen, that are kept as heirlooms to this day in the garret of the Shottery cottage. Here is the room that may often have welcomed the poet when he came home from his labors in the great city. It is a very homely and humble place, but the sight of it makes the heart thrill with a strange and incommunicable awe. You cannot wish to speak when you are standing there. You are scarcely conscious of the low rustling of the leaves outside, the far-off sleepy murmur of the brook, or the faint fragrance of woodbine and maiden's-blush that is wafted in at

the open casement, and that swathed in nature's incense a memory sweeter than itself.

WILLIAM WINTER.

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TRAVEL NOTES.

On the last Sunday that I was in Stratford I walked across the fields to Shottery. I had driven to see the cottage of Anne Hathaway; but Shakespeare must have often walked across the fields when he went to visit Anne, and every one wants to take the same walk. It is supposed to be the very same footpath which his feet trod, I have no doubt it is the same; but the owners have put up a wire fence, so that no one can step one foot from the path. I was a little disappointed at this, for I wanted the path to *look* just as it did in Shakespeare's day. But I suppose tourists would gather all the poppies, and not leave a single one. How strange is the destructive propensity for ruthlessly breaking off flowers! The red poppies in the field are so beautiful, like the red lilies of our own New England pastures but both lilies and poppies lose their charm when gathered.

Did Shakespeare love his wife? I want to think he did, but I wish I could be sure. She was older than he. That is nothing. But he was too young to be married at all. He lived in London, a great deal, away from her. Yet the women of his plays could hardly be drawn by a writer who had not a reverence for women. Imogen, Cordelia, Portia, Hermione,—there was never a more exquisite tribute laid at the feet of woman than that of Shakespeare's muse. Among the coarse playwriters of his day "She walks like the Lady in Comus" so says a writer of the present time, and adds that it is noticeable that it is *Iago* whom Shakespeare selects to utter the stock sneers and witticisms against women.

Yet the great romance of Shakespeare's life was his romantic attachment to his friend, to whom the "Sonnets" were dedicated. No one knows whether it was the Earl of Pembroke or the Earl of Southampton, and probably the question will never be settled; but all the world is the gainer.

The next day, Monday, was my last in Stratford; and I drove with a friend to Hampton Lucy and Charlcote. We walked across the park, and saw the deer, gracefully springing away, just as they did in Shakespeare's time,—a pleasant picture to carry away.

It was hard to tear myself away; to bid good-bye to Mrs. Flower, whose great kindness to travelling Americans adds a charm even to Stratford. And, alas! even as I write, I remind myself that I cannot say this in the present tense any more. Only a few weeks ago came the news of her death. Her lovely house and other treasures she has left to the Shakespeare Memorial.

L. F. C.

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SONNETS.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with his disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me, now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of this world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

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So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet uplocked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives hope scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope.

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My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common, lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

## LETTERS OF A SISTER.

*To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.*

NEWTON, Jan. 30, 1840.

*My dear brother,*—It is rumored that the *Western Messenger* is dead, or so near it that it will never reappear in public again. On inquiring the cause of this untimely dissolution, I am told that it is so oppressed with debt that it has resolved upon suicide to escape from its embarrassments. Is this true, and, if so, will you please explain to me the state of its affairs when you gave it up? I wish to know for a particular reason if you are willing to tell me. The reason is only this, that it does not seem possible they could have got very much embarrassed in so short a time with it at Cincinnati; neither does it seem probable that you would have disengaged yourself from it, when in a sinking condition, and allowed others to attach themselves to it. As I suppose the truth is, they find it more troublesome and difficult than they supposed, I do not like that this should be assigned as the reason.

Margaret tells me she has written you to ask your assistance in her new undertaking of a Miscellany.* She recalls the time when you prophesied of such a thing, and now claims your fulfilment of the offer you then made. I think this must succeed and hope you will feel zealously inclined to assist in it. I think it is just as well that the *Messenger* should die young and not live to be superannuated. Now it will never cease to be considered as an "instrument of much good" in *Christian Register* language, and, bound or unbound, will be welcome in any library or family; in fact, I know no magazine that has so many good readable articles in it that will remain of permanent value. There is scarcely any indifferent poetry in the whole of it.

Sam writes me that the Farmer Preacher, Conant, gave them a sermon the other day, and that he did right well. He thinks him extraordinary. I told Dr. Channing all I knew about him the other day, and gave him his Fourth of July oration to read. Did you see that? It was but four pages long.

You will hardly expect me to write a whole letter without expatiating at all on the Emerson Lectures. They are almost over now. The last I heard was that which announced Religion as its subject, and many curious impertinents went to hear. The deep, central view which he takes of Christianity seems to me luminous and serenely consistent, but I find the popular ear cannot yet receive it. I, for one, deeply felt the compliment of being addressed with the respect due to a human being and a living soul. Perhaps we have a right to such consideration always, but we seldom get it.

Our friend, George Ripley, in his pleasant way the next evening related to me that Mr. P. was seen to go into the lecture room with others, but that no one discerned him coming out; that after such research and inquiry the next morning the door-keeper confessed that he found a small pile of ashes on one of the seats about as large as a pea's head; and that no Mr. P. was thenceforth met with. "This is a fact," as Miss Edgeworth says.

How can I send you some books? I know you will be glad to have some by this time. I think I wrote you that I had received the second sum of gold. We have now one hundred dollars in the house, so I shall not fail for ten weeks at least. Do not be anxious about us, we shall do very well. Yours ever,

SARAH.

* Probably the *Dial*.

## BIBLE NOTES.

### THE LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The language of history is easily translated and needs little remark. The actions and the things named are nearly the same at all times: a horse, a camp, a general, a battle, a sword, find words in all languages. But it is far otherwise with our philosophical thoughts and religious feelings. The words which express these in one age of the world are not easily understood in another. They must be explained by the help of the known opinions of the people who gave, used them, and adapted them to their wants. The simple language of the Gospels, which appeal to the heart, which describe the Saviour's life and acts of mercy, is more easily understood by everybody than the philosophical arguments of the Apostle Paul, which have often been wrested by the unlearned to the defence of opinions which the Apostle never held. But even in the simplest parts of a book, written eighteen centuries ago, there are many words which a translation leaves obscure, and which require the help of a commentator.

The word "God," which is now always pronounced with reverence as a proper name for the Creator, had, eighteen hundred years ago, been used among nations of polytheists, for Jupiter and Juno, for Osiris, for Baal.

for statues and sacred animals, for kings and their favorites. When the Greeks, of Egypt or Syria, called Ptolemy, or Antiochus, a *god*, they never for a moment supposed that he had any share in creating or governing the world. The word had no such lofty meaning. Moreover, it was a common name, not a proper name. To speak of the Almighty, it was necessary to say *The God*.

Jehovah, on the other hand, was a proper name, and a word free from misunderstanding, but then it was a word too sacred to be written in Greek letters. It finds no place in the New Testament or in the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament. The word used in its place is *Lord*, and more often as a proper name, and therefore not *The Lord*, as we are obliged to write it in English. Thus, while the word *Lord* is used in some places as a mere title of civility to a centurion or a nobleman, it is in other places used as a proper name in a sense more solemn even than *God*.

Sometimes the Jewish reverential custom of not writing or speaking the name of Jehovah leaves the meaning doubtful. Thus, in Coloss. i. 19, for "*He* was well pleased that in him all fulness should dwell," means that God was well pleased. Again, in Heb. iii. 5, "Moses truly was faithful in all his house," means God's house. Sometimes, in order to avoid speaking of Jehovah too lightly, they say the Spirit of Jehovah, or the Holy Spirit, when they simply mean Jehovah himself, though at other times the Spirit means God's influence on the hearts of men.—*Samuel Sharpe*.

## THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

### I.

A BURIED THANKSGIVING DINNER.

1. What a pity the child is so upheld in wrong doing.
2. One of the boys tersely remarked, "Ride wheel, wide rell."
3. What a name for a child! Decatur Keys Jones!
4. I reached the spot at one forty-five.
5. There are many icebergs in the Arctic, or Northern, Sea.
6. The prettiest urn I placed in a conspicuous corner.
7. Our new physician is determined to excel: erysipelas is his specialty.
8. Hail for me, Tom, a car on Ipswich Avenue.
9. Fred met Tom at Oesterley's studio for the first time.
10. Walter and Rollo live south of the schoolhouse.
11. "Don't jump!" I exclaimed.
12. The river Chattahoochee separates Georgia from Alabama.
13. That timid sounding rap escaped her notice.
14. Georgiana Clapp lessened my chance for the prize.
15. I hope arsenic is not an ingredient of my medicine.
16. An artistic and yet sombre-hued vase was presented.
17. Cora is in Syracuse with her sister.
18. I like everything historic, especially biographies.
19. It was only a sumac of feeble growth. *Youth's Companion*.

### II.

BATTLES IN GREEK HISTORY.

1. —y — o — c — p — — l — —.
2. T — e — m — — y — — e.
3. — r — — l —.
4. — — g — s — o — a — i.
5. L — — c — — a.

### III.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?

1. Old Hickory.
2. Tippecanoe.
3. The Martyr President.
4. Quaker Poet.
5. Old Man Eloquent.

### IV.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In boat, but not in water.
In road, but not in lane.
In dozen, but not in four.
In far, but not in six.
In part, but not in fact.
In class, but not in ice.
In feature, but not in state.
In nation, but not in union.
In ten, but not in two.
My whole is a famous French general.

*Answers to Puzzles in the October Number.*

I. TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Wolcott, Bowdoin, Lincoln.

II. FLOWER ANAGRAMS.—1. Violet. 2. Hyacinth. 3. Mignonette. 4. Aster. 5. Clematis. 6. Anemone.

III. NUMERICAL PUZZLE, PRESIDENT'S CABINET.—1. Daniel Webster. 2. George S. Boutwell. 3. Carl Schurz. 4. Edwin M. Stanton. 5. John D. Long. 6. Jeremiah M. Rusk. 7. John Wanamaker. 8. Ebenezer R. Hoar.

IV. DIVIDED WORDS.—Baseball, football. 1. Be-friend. 2. At-one. 3. Sci-on. 4. Enthrone. 5. Bob-bin. 6. Ad-age. 7. Loveless. 8. Land-lord.

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"Yes, all may be borne, all may be sanctified, all in life and in the heart may be converted to good, through prayer and work."—*Frederika Bremer.*

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Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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Mrs. Alice Anderson, 231 Juliana St., Bedford, Pennsylvania, would be glad to receive *Our Dumb Animals* and other literature on humane subjects for distribution in schools.

*N.B.*—The editor hopes that all who are able will offer matter of this kind in the Book Club.

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LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

*IMPORTANT NOTICES.*

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The address of the new chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

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Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

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There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, November 6, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

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Mrs. Blanche Hammill, 2525 X St., Sacramento, California, would like to receive copies of *Our Dumb Animals, Our Fourfooted Friends,* and other humane literature.

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THE HOME STUDY WORK of the Cheerful Letter Exchange aims to help those who are without school advantages.

Lessons by correspondence will be given in any school subject to those who wish to continue their studies, but who are unable to attend school.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

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**Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.**

**Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.**

**Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.**

**Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.**